

A BIG FLAG FAMINE

CANNOT FURNISH ENOUGH "OLD GLORIES" TO GO AROUND

Ten Million Have Already Been Sold and the Manufacturers Cannot Keep Up With the Demand—Interesting Facts About Old Glory.

Flags wear out pretty rapidly, and the number required annually for various purposes by the Government is astonishing. One firm makes all the flags for public buildings all over the United States, under contract with the treasury department, as well as for the revenue cutter service. The navy manufactures most of its own flags at the Brooklyn navy yard, but the code signals are purchased outside. Uncle Sam furnishing the bunting. These signals consist of nineteen flags of different shapes and colors. They form a sort of alphabet, and with them a whole language has been made up, so that vessels can talk with one another at a distance of miles as plainly as if they spoke English. This is the international code, which sailors of all countries comprehend.

The business of making American flags employs thousands of people, nearly all of them women and girls, in various parts of the United States. Hundreds of thousands of them are manufactured every year in the city of Philadelphia, but there are "flag towns" in New England also which contribute largely to the patriotic output. Most of the bunting, which is a "sheer" woolen material, comes from New England; it is of a loosely-woven texture, so that the wind may blow through it. The stuff for the finest flags reaches the flagmakers in big rolls, some red, some white and some blue. The blue, of course, is for the "union" in the corner, while the red and white are for the stripes.

Each roll of red or white bunting is wound as tightly as possible, and is then placed under a razor-edged knife, by which it is cut into a series of measured slices, like a piece of meat. Each slice, on being unrolled, is a long strip exactly the width of the flag stripe that is wanted. The strips are next cut into the requisite lengths for the stripes of the flag that is to be, and are sewn together by machine, with the blue "union" in one corner. The white stars, however, are sewn upon the

TALK ENGLISH.

Spanish Pronunciation Is Far From Popular at Present.

There is a clerk in one of the big offices in this town who is chock full of lore and learning. He is a college graduate, and he knows enough about the pronunciation of Spanish to say Don Quixote in the proper way—that is Don Kee-ho-ty. Other names also fall trippingly from his tongue. All this wisdom, however, got him into trouble a few days ago, when he wanted to show off before the boss.

One of his side partners spoke of that well-known port, Don Juan, and he pronounced it just as it is spelled. "Ho, ha," snorted Smarty, "don't you know what that place is? It's Don Wan. That's the way they pronounce it in Spanish."

"I don't know," said the other in a meek and humble tone, rather thankful that he had been posted, "but I never studied Spanish."

"No, nor you don't want to," said the boss. "Spanish don't go around this office in any shape or form. And look here," he said to Smarty, "don't you work off any of them Spanish lingo around here. When you speak of San Juan you call it that. And when you say Port Rico you call it Ryeco and not Reeco. See? Why, if some of my country customers come in here and hear you getting off that Spanish brogue they would leave the shop and never come back until the war was over. You wrap all that knowledge you have and put it away with camphor balls until we get to Cuba, Porty Ryeco and all them other islands. Then you can spring your knowledge, but in the meantime don't forget that this is America, the home of the free and the land of the brave, where nothing goes that tastes, or looks, or sounds, or smells like Spanish. That'll do for the present. You can resume your work if you please."

Then the young man who had most meekly received his first lesson in Spanish pronunciation took a long breath, laughed to himself, and became real cheery for the rest of the day.

Levied on a Hot Dinner.

"The most interesting levy I ever heard of," said Squire Bell, "was one that I made some time in 1868 or 1869, when I was marshal of the Memphis Municipal court. I had a judgment against old Col. Cockerill, who used to run a hotel. I had tried to collect it until four days of the time I was allowed were left.

"I went to see the colonel again. I told him that he would have to do something. He said that if I would wait till Tuesday, which was the last day of the term, he would settle up."

"Suppose you make it Monday, colonel," I said, for I knew that if I failed to make the levy on Tuesday my execution was dead, and I wanted a day of grace. Well, the colonel agreed to settle on Monday.

"When Monday came the colonel was awfully sick, and his three boys, who were in the office, would let nobody see him. There were in those days just as there are now, a lot of men lying around and waiting to get on the jury. I had counted the doors of the hotel dining room, and I picked out a man for each door and gave them \$150 apiece and took them down to the hotel. When the gong sounded for dinner I had a man stand at each door with orders to let no one go in. There was a great deal of travel in those days, and the hotel was crowded. Pretty soon the people began to fill up the halls and wonder what was the matter. The doors of the dining room were glass, and the people could see the tables set and the waiters standing round, but they couldn't get in.

"This didn't last very long before the old colonel sent for me. 'I call this a low trick, Mr. Bell,' he said. 'No low trick at all, colonel,' said I. 'I have done a thing never done before in the world. I have levied on a hot dinner, and I am going to hold it till that money's paid.'

"The colonel waved wrath and swore that he would beat the attorney in the case just as soon as he got well. But, finding that his getting hot didn't keep the dinner from getting cold, he finally sent for his bookkeeper, who brought up about \$500, which lacked just \$150 of satisfying the judgment. The colonel wanted to get off with this, but I demanded security. He was lying in bed, and reached under his pillow and handed me a watch and chain worth twice as much as was still due."

"She Thought He Was Crying." "Over in Illinois, when I was a boy," said a Congressman from the State to a Star reporter, "there was a lawyer named Hathaway, who lived in my native town, and who had something the matter with his eyes. I think the doctors said his lacrimal glands were weak."

"Any way, he was always wiping his eyes. Sometimes it was amusing in court to see him bring out his big red bandana and wipe his eyes when he was talking to the court upon some dry legal proposition. You know you rather expect a lawyer to do it before a jury in criminal practice."

"Well, they used to tell this story on Hathaway: One day a woman came into his office to consult with him regarding the beginning of a suit for divorce from her husband. She related how she had been abused, and told a story of suffering. Just at this point Hathaway. One day a woman came and wiped his eyes.

"His client, who was of a sympathetic nature, sought to stay his arm, and said: 'Don't cry, Mr. Hathaway, don't cry.'"

"Hathaway was sensitive regarding his infirmity, but he always laughed heartily when the story was told in his presence."

Early Morning Episode. The Worm had been driven to the wall. Seeking for an aperture in which to hide, it found none.

The taunting Robin, who had been doing the driving, laughed.

Then the Worm, as indicated by the proverb, turned.

"Rubber neck!" said the Robin.

A good mot before dinner is the best appetizer.

CLEVER JEWEL THIEVES.

Kleptomaniacs Dodge by Which Some Philadelphia Houses are Swindled.

The proprietor of a large Chestnut street jewelry store, while speaking of the numbers of swindlers his trade has to contend with, told of a clever way in which he and various other jewelers were victimized a couple of years ago. One afternoon a carriage drove up, and from it alighted a man and woman, both handsomely dressed. They entered the store, and asked to be shown some diamond rings.

After much talk the woman finally selected one, which the man paid for and ordered to be sent to a West Walnut street address. Some stick pins were exhibited in the show case, and these caught the woman's eye. About ten minutes were spent examining these, but the couple left without buying.

A few minutes later the man entered alone, and asked to see the manager. He was shown into the private office and in a shame-faced way explained to the manager that his wife had stolen two stick pins. His wife was a kleptomaniac, he said, and then he produced the pins, and offered to pay anything to have the matter kept quiet.

The manager assured him that nothing would be said, and the man was profuse in his thanks. Before going he asked, as a favor, that if his wife was ever seen to take anything that they say nothing, but send him the bill. This the manager agreed to do, as the man gave the best of references.

A few days later the woman came in alone, and when she left took with her two fine diamond lockets, which she had sneaked off a tray. A bill was at once sent by the manager, who had noticed the theft, but no answer came, and it was discovered that the Walnut street house had only been rented furnished for a short time. It developed that several other jewelry stores had been swindled at the same time by the pair, who had flown to parts unknown.

Philadelphia Record.

A Schoolhouse with a History. "While down in Abbeville, S. C., recently," said Rev. Frank Parsons, of New York, to a Washington Star reporter, "I visited the famous schoolhouse there. The building is not exactly famous for the character of the education that is given there, though I am inclined to think it compares favorably with its section of the country, but for the part it played during the war of the Rebellion. It was in this schoolhouse that the first meeting was held in favor of the secession of South Carolina, the first State to secede from the Union. It was also the place where the first resolution of secession was ever passed. In a few weeks it was the scene of the first organization of the first military company which tendered its services to the Confederate Government, which company, by the way, was the first company accepted by that government. The first man who lost his life in the war, on the Confederate side, belonged to that company and he was the first man who enlisted. He was killed by the accidental discharge of a musket, which, it is said, was the first musket that was issued to the company, though of that I am not as positively informed as I am about the other facts under consideration. It was also one of the first schools to be closed in consequence of the war, for school purposes."

"All these are remarkable enough in their way as interesting facts in connection with the rebellion, but it can also be truthfully said that it was in this building that Jefferson Davis and his cabinet held the last cabinet session of the Confederate Government. From this building they escaped, and it was only a short distance from there that the Confederate president and the members of his cabinet were captured. Rather remarkable, was it not, in view of the extent of the Southern States, that the end, practically, should have been in the identical building where the actual beginning of the Confederate Government occurred? Now, couple with the above the other fact, even more remarkable, seemingly, that Abraham Lincoln died upon the identical bed, and in the same room that his assassin, John Wilkes Booth, had slept on for a long time in this city, and there is a wonderful combination of the small world."

For Shy Young Men. Col. Higginson, in his 'Cheerful Yesterdays,' says: As an overgrown boy—for I was six feet tall when I was fourteen. I had experienced all the agonies of bashfulness in the society of the other sex, though greatly attracted to it. A word or two of remonstrance from my mother had in a single day corrected this during my senior year, so far as the family table was concerned, and this emboldened me to try the experiment on a wider field. I said to myself, thinking of other young men who made themselves quite agreeable: "These youths are not your superiors—perhaps in the recitation room or the playground hardly your equals. Why not cope with them elsewhere?" This influenced, I conquered myself in a single evening, and lost my shyness forever. The process was unique, so far as I know, and I have often recommended it to shy young men.

Being invited to a small party, I considered before hand what young ladies would probably be there. With each one I had, of course, something in common—kinship or neighborhood, or favorite pursuit. This would do, I reasoned, for a starting point. So I put down on a small piece of paper what I would say to each, if I happened to be near her. It worked like a charm. I found myself chatting away the whole evening, and hearing next day that everybody was surprised at the transformation. I have to this day the little bit of magic paper, on which I afterwards underscored, before sleeping, the points actually used.

Be Just to the Mule. Horses are ill suited to perform the work or drawing heavy loads in time of war and naturally this work devolves upon mules, but when the services of both these animals are soberly considered it may be gravely doubted if the noble chargers who participate in the glory of the fight are any more deserving than the ill-shaped and ignominious burden bearers who experience the vicissitudes of war without its honors.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Job must have been a fast boy," said a little fellow in a Sunday school class. "Why do you think so?" asked his teacher. "Cause the Bible says he cursed the day he was born," was the reply.

Mr. Gasaway—I shall never marry unless I find a young lady who is in all respects my opposites. Nellie Chaffie—In that case I don't understand why you are not married already. There are any number of girls who are intelligent and handsome.

First Politician—Fine Congressman you have in your district! Put in half an hour trying to blow out the electric light. Second Politician—He told me he was going to do that before he left for Washington. Makes him solid with the jay vote, see?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I never will know how to get along with a woman." "What's the trouble?" "Well, my wife got a gown that doesn't fit; I told her it didn't fit and she got mad. Then she got another gown that didn't fit; I didn't tell her that it didn't fit—and she got mad again."—Brooklyn Life.

THE OMNIBUS.

The game of chess is taught in all the Austrian schools.

Yale's invested funds foot up, all told, \$3,921,699, against \$2,273,092 in 1897.

One out of every six inhabitants in France has an account at the state savings banks.

The customs authorities have decided that the Chinese tom-tom is a musical instrument.

Broadway—How savage the man over there at that table looks, and how he jabs at the dish before him with his knife and fork. Companion—Oh, that is simply a good American eating a Spanish mackerel.—New York Evening World.

Said the married man who likes to be sympathized for: "My wife is never happy unless she has a grievance." "How happy she must be!" said the pretty girl, and then the married man grew strangely silent.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Home Life of Women.

Several letters from women whose catarrhal troubles Pe-ru-na has cured.



LASSITUDE

is not laziness; it is a symptom. Something is wrong with the nerves. A cold in the head when the nerves are not normal soon develops into chronic catarrh. Miss Linn Wiggins, Berlin Heights, O., tells her experience with catarrh in the following letter.

Pe-ru-na Medicine Co. DEAR SUS,—I sent my photograph and testimonial I suffered with catarrh of the head, nose and throat for three years. I could get no relief until I began taking Pe-ru-na. I took three bottles; it has done wonders. In dependent of curing my catarrh it has greatly improved my general health. I cannot describe the change.

Any one suffering from catarrh and knowing that it can be cured, would be very unwise not to take Dr. Hartman's advice. Follow directions; Pe-ru-na does the rest.—Miss L. Wiggins, Berlin Heights, O.

Pe-ru-na is a scientific remedy for all phases of catarrh. It is particularly efficient for women's troubles because it acts through the nerves. Sarah Gallitz, of Luton, Ia., writes: "I was suffering with the Change of Life; I had spells of flowing every two or three weeks, which would leave me nearly dead. I had given up hope of being cured when I heard of Dr. Hartman's remedies and began to use them. I am entirely cured and give all the credit to Pe-ru-na and Man-alin."

The catarrhal nature of female troubles is beyond question, and the certainty of Pe-ru-na's action has been demonstrated in thousands of cases. Pe-ru-na drives out catarrh everywhere. Mrs. Caroline Daft, Evansport, O., writes: "I can testify to the merits of Pe-ru-na. I have taken considerable of it and one bottle of Man-alin, and they both are most excellent remedies. I am as well and hearty as I ever was in my life, and give the credit entirely to your medicines."

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Company, Columbus, O., will mail Dr. Hartman's books on catarrh free. Special book for women. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

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